

Raffan's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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Select Poetry.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

'Tis the time of gathered grain:
The fields are full of stocks and sheaves,
The hills are bare, the first dead leaves
Fall, fluttering, against the window-pane.

Down through the mist the young moon peers,
The harvest moon, so glad and fair,
But I am sad, for all things wear
Their autumn look of other years.

Upon me, with each falling leaf,
Fall thoughts of Autumn long ago;
Some tale of buried joy or woe
Lies in every harvest sheaf.

Sweet moon! as fair as ever hung
O'er harvest-wreathed field of gathered grain,
Glad earth! ye give me not again,
The joy I lost when life was young.

Leaves were we of one parent tree,
Rejoicing while our spring-time shone;
But time its wintry wind has blown,
And swept us far o'er land and sea.

And some are in the whirling mart,
And some are lost amid whirling wheels,
And oh! from each a false word steals
His childhood's faith—his childish fears.

And earth above—bright heaven above,
Bring back our childhood nevermore—
But, Lord! we cry—restore, restore!
To those whose name is written "Love!"

I hear the answer in my soul—
"Though black with guilt and sore with loss,
The hands that bleed upon the cross,
Are stretched out to make thee whole.

Though far in worldly ways beguiled,
Seek out the safe and narrow track;
Return—and He shall give thee back
The pure heart of the little child.

Weak as thou art, and trouble-lost,
His mercy reaches over all;
His arms are wide—thou canst not fall
Out of their shelter, and be lost!"

AUNT JULIA'S VISIT.

"Pay the postman! pay the postman!"
Sang the one I loved best on earth, as he
Saw the dainty envelope just above my reach.

"Please! and I sprang upon a chair, and
Climb upon the sofa, in my fruitless endeavor
To reach the coveted prize.

"Excuse me!" I exclaimed, as she stooped
To receive the kiss I was but too willing to
Give, as his fee. "From Aunt Julia," and she
Accepts our invitation, and will remain
Three weeks. I am so glad! but dear, dear!
Everything must be in prime order. She
Will take me to task if the least thing is
amiss."

My husband laughed pleasantly as he
went out. He had only left the office to
bring me the letter—so kind and thoughtful
of him.

Aunt Julia was my father's maiden sister,
and had been his housekeeper since my
mother's death, now eleven years. She was
just forty, but still fine-looking, and what
men call a strong-minded woman. She had
but few intimate friends; but those loved
her dearly, and I was one of that number,
and had been since the day she had taken me
on her lap, a motherless girl of nine years, and
drawing me close to her bosom, whispered,
"You have lost one of the best of mothers,
Nelly; but I will try and fill her place to
you, so far as I am able."

And she had kept her word. I had a
brother and sister younger, and we all alike
shared her love and kindness.

My husband was a lawyer, several years
older than I, and when the engagement was
made known to her, she shook her head, and
said, "I am sorry your choice has fallen there.
I have nothing against Frank Worthington,
as a man—indeed, esteem him highly—but he
is too old for you."

"But I am growing older every day, Aunt
Julia," I replied laughing.

"True, but you are a merry child now, com-
pared with him—not fitted to become the
wife of a man whose habits and prejudices
are already formed. You will have no dis-
tinctive character, but will assimilate with
him, until you will never have an opinion
of your own."

Her remarks troubled me a little, but my
father would hear nothing of it, and I had
now been married and in my pretty village
home three months, and thought myself just
the happiest wife in the world. And now
Aunt Julia, my almost mother, was coming
to make her first visit. And I would make
it so pleasant for her. Perhaps I could thus
repay a moiety of all she had done for me.
And I bustled about from room to room, to
see that not a straw, shred, mar or stain
could offend her eye. Our one servant was
the best of Bridgets, and the kitchen was
her pride. I had no fears there. The guest
chamber was always in order, and its mossy
carpet and light furniture were similar to
our own at home. Still, I looked for some-
thing to change. Even my own and hus-
band's wardrobe were carefully examined,
to see that no treacherous stitch, frayed edge,
or missing button, should rise up in judg-
ment against me. My gloves were laid
smoothly in their box, collars between paper,
and handkerchiefs folded nicely, just as she
had taught me to arrange them.

When everything was done, I whispered
to myself, she will look so pleased, and say,
"What a nice little housekeeper you are,
Nelly." And when she came, as she did at
the specified time, it was even so, and I was
pleased as a child at her praise.

The second evening after her arrival, we
had a few friends to tea, and I was proud to
hear her converse with the gentlemen of the
party. She was thoroughly posted on every
subject introduced, and I fancied that my
husband deferred to her more than to any
other lady present.

The next morning, as we sat alone in my
room, she said, abruptly, "Do you know you
are spoiling your husband, Nelly?"

I looked up in wonder and consternation,
too surprised to speak.

"You should not allow him to speak to
you as he does."

"Why, Aunt Julia, he never spoke un-
kindly to me in his life."

"Very likely. But he treats you like a
child, and will soon lose all admiration for

you as a woman, if he has not already. A
man like Frank Worthington wants an equal
in a wife, not a pet of which he will soon
tire."

"But he loves me, aunt—I am sure he
does."

"I do not doubt that in the least. But
did you love your pet kitten, Lilly White in
the same way you do your really talented
husband?"

"How ridiculous!" and I tried to laugh,
but could not, for the fear that had crept
into my heart. "What would you have me
do, to convince him that I am not a mere
pussy, to be petted and caressed? Shall I
pore over his law books, review my Latin,
and grapple with metaphysics, in order to
become a suitable companion for him? Per-
haps a few rehearsals in oratory, or a wordy
contest with the poker, for instance, would be
an improvement?"

"Pshaw! do be reasonable. Your edu-
cation has not been neglected. And now I
want you to make a good use of it."

"I wish to do so, I am sure. But to what
did you allude, when you said my husband
did not speak properly to me?"

"When he asked you, before his friends,
if you thought the time would ever come
when you and black Jake would both have
the right of voting?"

"But he intended it as a playful jest," I
replied.

"Ah, yes! but a jest intended to show
you your own inferiority. Compare you to
a half-witted negro, like Jake! Had it been
I, he would have received an answer that
would have silenced him. I never allow
such things; and no man will long respect a
woman who will tamely submit to such odious
comparisons. I have a sharp tongue, and
men soon learn to beware of challeng-
ing it."

"And what would you have said, had the
remark been made to you?"

"I should have said, 'nature has made
Jake my inferior; custom only, has made
me yours'."

"But I never was quick at a sharp an-
swer," I replied, a little sadly; and thus
the subject was dropped for the present. But
the seed of distrust was sown, and brought
forth a plentiful harvest; and the next three
weeks were among the most unhappy of my
life. I was constantly looking for slights
and implied inferiority, and found them in
plenty, and resented them deeply. Not in
angry words, or unkind-like points, but in
studied coldness, sly sarcasm, or feigned in-
difference; that it was agony to exhibit."

"Are you quite well, this evening?" my
husband asked, as he prepared to go out, af-
ter I had been particularly smart and dis-
agreeable.

"Perfectly well, thank you," I answered
coldly. "Why?"

"Because you seem unusually nervous and
irritable," he replied.

"Nervous and irritable?" Why don't he
say cross and fretful, like an ailing child,
and propose some of Mrs. Winslow's sooth-
ing syrup? I thought, but said "Have I
said anything to cause you to think me par-
ticularly irritable?"

"Yes, your last question," and pulling
his hat over his brows, he strode away,
leaving me second best in the encounter.

"But he shall see that I am not to be
treated like a child," I said to myself. "I
will be his equal in everything. It is wrong,
all wrong, this forcing a woman to hold a
subordinate position. If he thought I was
not fitted to be his companion, why did he
ask me to be his wife?"

And when he returned, I was very digni-
fied—asked after his late case, and talked as
learnedly as a young miss just from school.
At length, conversation drifted upon the
subject of Woman's Rights, and Aunt Julia
entered into a discussion with him, that put
all my feeble powers to the blush. In fact
there was a mischievous light in Frank's
eyes that I did not like. His logic I could
combat, after a fashion, but his ridicule con-
fused me.

It is not necessary to repeat the argu-
ments used on both sides. But, to my sur-
prise, Aunt Julia seemed to have the best
of it, and my husband, rather doggedly, I
thought, admitted there was a wrong some-
where; that women did not have their rights.
If they had property, they had a right to
say who should represent them; and if they
had talents superior to their husbands, they
should rule the household. He, for one,
was perfectly willing to yield women the
rights they asked, even to going to the polls;
and he turned to me, with "What do you
think, Nelly?"

Somehow his admission had not given me
the pleasure I had thought it would. A
husband ruled by his wife! Losing his vote
because his wife voted against him! I was
vexed with Frank for subscribing to any
such theory.

"But I must say something, and replied,
"So far as making laws or dispensing them,
I want none of the responsibility. There
are men enough for that. And as for going
to the polls, I would not be seen in such a
dirty rable. And yet, I do not think that
women have their rights."

"Wherein are they defrauded?"

"A man should give his wife all the rights
he gives his gentleman friends; should treat
her as an equal and a companion, and not
as a pet and plaything."

I should have said more, but Bridget
made her appearance at the door, with a
"Please, ma'am, would you be after stepping
inter the kitchen a minnit?"

When I returned, after giving orders
about the breakfast, I was annoyed by a cir-
cumstance, trifling in itself, but in my pres-
ent mood calculated to vex me. Frank had
taken my favorite seat, a small sewing chair
—one he had selected expressly for my use—
and was rocking in it, apparently forgetful
that I had any claims on it. I was too
proud to remind him, and the loss of it em-
bittered the rest of the evening.

The next morning, before going out, he

said, "Have you an abundance of pocket
money?"

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"I was afraid you had not. Here are forty-
eight dollars and sixty-five cents, just half
the ready money I have out of bank; but I
shall have some more soon, and will then
pay you your share."

"I do not need it, Frank; I have —"
He did not remain for me to finish the sen-
tence, but placing the money on the table
went out in his usual manner. Was he of-
fended? I could not tell.

At the tea-table I said, "I wish to go on
the street this evening. Can you go with
me?"

"Certainly, if you can go soon."

I ran up to my room, and hurried on my
wraps as quickly as possible, and then, with
my over-shoes in my hand, went back to the
parlor, and sat down beside him, as usual,
to have him put them on and button them
for me. But he seemed to have forgotten
that he had ever done such a thing, and dis-
daining to ask as a favor, what I had ever
considered as a right, I pulled until I was
purple in the face, I am sure, and then nearly
blistered my fingers with the buttons that
he could have managed so easily. But I
was ready at last, and we walked down the
street, he talking in his usual manner, and I
ready to cry with vexation and outraged
feeling.

"If he thinks to govern me in this way,
by punishing me like a wayward child, he
will find out his mistake," I said to myself,
as we went on our way.

As we came opposite his office door, he
said, pleasantly, "How far are you going,
Nelly?"

"To King's, for some muslin for Aunt
Julia."

"Well, take good care of yourself," and
he turned to enter the office.

"Are you not going with me?"

"I have no time. Business before pleas-
ure, you know." And he hurried up the
steps, leaving me standing mute with as-
tonishment.

What did he mean? Was he going crazy?
I had never been in the streets before alone
at night, and my first impulse was to follow
him. But no, I would not ask him to pro-
tect me, when he had sworn to do so; and
I hurried on to the store, a few blocks dis-
tant, where I called for silk instead of mus-
lin, corrected my mistake when fabric was
produced, selected the article without regard
to texture, told the clerk I wanted forty-
eight yards and sixty-five cents, and when
he went for another piece told him I had
forgotten and only wanted four yards, and
finished my errand by offering a visiting
card instead of a bank-note in payment.

Covered with confusion, I took up my
package, left the store, and with rapid steps
reached home, where, in my own room, I
could yield to the storm of grief and pas-
sion that almost convulsed me. I had sense
enough left not to go to Aunt Julia for sym-
pathy, and in my room, alone, I waited my
husband's return. The husband who had
once been so kind and loving, but was now
so cold and forgetful. But he should not
punish me in this manner, I told myself
again and again. He should see that I was
a woman, and not a child. And so, when
he came, my eyes were dry, and we conversed
with each other as we had done through-
out all those wretched weeks, for Aunt Julia
was to go to-morrow.

At the breakfast table she said, "I should
like much, Nelly, to have you return with
me." The family would be overjoyed to see
you."

I looked at my husband.

"What is to hinder?" he said, absently.

"Do you wish me to go, Frank?"

Perhaps the tone was reproachful. I did
not intend it to be; but his eyes sought
mine for an instant, and his lips quivered a
little.

"Yes, if it will give you pleasure."

He is anxious to be rid of me, I thought,
and replied, "Then I will go." And I
turned my head away to hide the tears that
would come.

It was only a three hours ride on the cars,
and I could be ready at once. So I had no
excuse. But, really, I did not want to go.
The thought that my husband had ceased to
care for me, that he would not miss me, was
agonizing. One word of tenderness, one hint
that he wanted me, and my aunt would have
gone alone. But it did not come, and at
the proper hour we were at the depot.

"Have you taken your tickets?" my hus-
band asked, as the moment for departure
approached.

"No," I replied.

"Shall I purchase them for you?"

"What an idea! Yes."

When he returned with them, he gave
my aunt hers, with a bow, and then placing
mine in my hand, said, in a low voice—
"Yours is three dollars and fifty cents; but
do not mind about the change now; we can
settle it as well when you return."

I looked in his face, but nothing but the
cold, business expression met my gaze, and
with a spasm of mental agony, I turned to
studying the characters on my ticket, that
might have been Chinese hieroglyphics for
all of any idea they conveyed to my brain.

"When do you propose to return?" he
asked me, when he had hidden my aunt's
good-by.

"In a week, if you want me, Frank."

"I always want you, Nelly, or I should
never have asked you to become my wife."
He took my hand, held it an instant, looked
wistfully in my face—"I would go back," I
thought; but the wheels were already in
motion, and he hurried away, leaving me
to my own bitter thoughts. Back in my
old home, the joy of my unexpected return
made all so happy, that for a day or two, I
partly forgot the shadow resting on my
heart. But when the novelty had passed,
the old restlessness returned, and one day my
father surprised me in tears.

"What is it, Nelly? getting homesick?"

"Hardly—and yet I do want to see Frank."

"Nothing more natural. And when is he
coming?"

"Not at all," I replied, trying to keep
back my tears.

"Not coming! what does the man mean?
Go back without him? Impossible! I shall
not allow it. Why, he does not deserve to
have a wife to treat in such a manner. He
must be a perfect bear."

"Oh, no! he is always kind to me; but
—but he does not seem to like to wait on
me, as he used to."

My father's face now became seriously
grave, for his trade had been more in jest
than earnest, and he came and sat beside
me.

"Would it be right to tell me, your father,
what troubles you?"

I hesitated a moment. "Yes; I have no
mother to guide me;" and then, with many
tears, I told him of Aunt Julia's assertion
that my husband did not consider me
his equal, or treat me as a companion; of
our discussion on Woman's Rights, and my
remarks on my own individual ones, his as-
sent, and manner to me since.

"Yes, yes; I begin to comprehend. And
so Julia has been giving you lessons in man-
aging a husband?"

"I made no reply."

"Nelly, would you exchange places with
your Aunt Julia?"

"No? No, not for the world!"

"And yet, she might have been a happy
and beloved wife, if she had taken her prop-
er place among women. She was engaged,
and about to be married to one every way
calculated to render a woman happy, when
a series of articles appeared in one of our
leading journals, by an anonymous writer,
in which men were represented as tyrants
and autocrats; that they lacked in intellect
what they excelled in strength. That they
ruled only by brute force, so far as the other
sex was concerned. The articles abounded
in sharp cuts at man's egotism, and bitter
sarcasm for his high position. For a time
no one suspected the author, and her own
family least of any. But through the
treachery of a supposed friend, the truth
transpired, and my sister was the acknowl-
edged authoress. Her affianced husband
was a man of loving heart and keen sensi-
bilities, and the jeers and ridicule of his ac-
quaintances almost maddened him; and fi-
nally he came to her, and asked if she had
written such sentiments from a conviction of
their truth? She replied that she had, so
far as the majority of men were concerned.
And would she not in another article, make
some exceptions to her before universal cur-
sure? Never, and he only took a man's
prerogative in asking it. Another stormy
interview, and the engagement was broken
off, and he is now a loving husband and
father, and one of the first men in our city;
and he mentioned a name that was never
spoken but with respect."

Poor Aunt Julia! I pitied her for her
sore wounds, although her own hand had
inflicted them.

After my father left me, I reviewed the
past three weeks of my life, and my folly
seemed wickedness. I had demanded my
rights and obtained them, so far as my hus-
band could yield them. And what was the
result? I felt starved and chilled for the
love and care that every true wife appreci-
ates and craves.

The next morning, I announced my deter-
mination to return home. All objected
strongly but my father. "Let her do as she
thinks best; but when she comes again she
must bring her husband with her."

"But suppose he will not come?"

"He will, if you exert your true woman's
rights, or I have much overrated your pow-
ers and his affection for you."

He would have accompanied me, but I
would not permit it. So he found me a
nice seat in the cars, wrapped my furs closely
about me, placed the ticket in my glove,
kissed me tenderly, and whispered, "Be a
good wife, for your mother's sake!" and I
was soon hurrying back to my husband,
who had never seemed so dear to me as now.

When I arrived at the depot, I deter-
mined to walk by a back street to our resi-
dence, and surprise my husband at his dinner
hour. On consulting my watch, I found I had
an abundance of time, and reached the door
without being recognized by an acquaintance.
Bridget was delighted to let me in. "Oh,
but won't the master be tickled right off his
feet with the surprise? He has been gloomy
as a churchyard ever since you went away,
and has never eaten enough to keep a cat. I
thought maybe it might be the males did
not suit him. But now you've come back
to tell me, it will all be right, sure."

"Don't tell him I am here, Bridget,
please, if you see him first."

"Never a word, and sure;" and her hon-
est eyes danced with the fun of the surprise.

I went to my room and laid aside my
traveling dress, and donned one that I knew
my husband liked, and then went into the
parlor to watch from the half-closed blind
for his coming. And I had not long to
wait, for he soon came, but with a dejected
air and listless step that filled me with re-
morse. He let himself in, and as I heard
his steps in the hall, I slipped behind the
door. As he turned to close it, I stood be-
fore him, and the glad light that came to
his eyes warmed my heart even yet.

"You will kiss me now, Frank?"

"I never kiss my gentleman friends—not
even my brother;" and the proud quiver
came back to his lips again.

"But I do not want to be a gentleman
friend, nor yet your brother, but your wife,
to be loved and cared for, as I was before
Aunt Julia came."

"Well, 'tis no matter about the rest. But
Bridget's eyes twinkled merrily as she car-
ried away the empty dishes. And now I
always have my own chair, the nicest seat
at table, and the choicest piece, a seat in
the cars if he has to stand, and all those lit-
tle attentions of which a wife is so proud
when lovingly given."

When I told him of Aunt Julia's lesson,

he said, "As if I did not know! Ladies of
her age are famous for managing husbands
when the have none of their own. But, re-
ally, Nelly, I do not want you to put another
such case into my hands. A suit in
Chancery is nothing to it."

"But you carried it as you usually do.
But was it not somewhat cruel and rash to
leave me alone, as you did in the street that
night?"

"Apparently; but I did not lose sight of
you for an instant, and was on the other
side of the street only when you entered our
home."

"Provoking! And I nearly cried my eyes
out over your neglect."

And now, reader, I am afraid I have
shown myself a very silly, spiritless little
woman. But I cannot help it. Woman's
Rights would be a mantle too heavy for my
use; and I should show to every one I met
that it was never made for me.

A TOUGH STORY.—A Western paper tells
the following rather tough story. If true,
it is the most remarkable on record:

An accident of a remarkable nature oc-
curred in the woods of a neighboring county
last week by which a man was thrown eighty
feet in the air. He was standing on a bal-
ance tree lying across a large log, to see an
other tree come down, when the tree in its
falling course struck the other end of the
tree on which he was standing, and the tremen-
dous weight of it coming on the spring
lever, threw him like a shot into the air.

The remarkable part of the story remains
to be told. When at his highest elevation
the man caught hold of the top of a tree
about fifteen feet from the trunk, and re-
mained suspended by the arms until the per-
son who had felled the tree traveled a dis-
tance of five miles and returned with help
and a ladder before he could be released
from his perilous position. He was found
in the same position as when left, evidently
in the best of spirits, for he was whistling
"Yankee Doodle," and making a strong
fight with his feet against a delegation of
wasps that were endeavoring to build a nest
in the seat of his pants. He said, upon
reaching the ground, that he had had a
"healthy time" with the "varmints," and
attributed his powers of endurance wholly to
the hotly contested canvass he had with the
"critters" by their persistent "fire in the
rear," and the tremendous excitement inci-
dent thereto.

If this man ever gets into office he will be
provided for, for the rest of his natural life.
He will know how to hang on to it.

SHARP PRACTICE.—There is one island
belonging to Massachusetts, called Nantucket,
which is famous for whale ships, pretty
girls, capital fishing and good stories. One
of the latter is told of an inhabitant who
lost hens from his roost. To detect the
thief he placed a sharp scythe in a position
to be clutched by the criminal, as soon as he
opened the hen roost door. The next morn-
ing there was blood upon the blade, but no
hens were missing. The gentleman did not
hunt for wounded hands, and in a short
time went to California, returning after an
absence of several years. There then lived
on Nantucket one of the largest story tellers
for a young man, in the Commonwealth.
He was quite popular, however, had a good
deal of "brass," and on election days could
get out more voters than any other native
of the island. He was "stirring up voters"
one day, and came upon the returned Cali-
fornian. "Hello, B—," said the latter,
"give me a ride to the polls?" "No!"
said B—, with an oath. "A man as put
scythes in his hen-roost shall never ride with
me." B— was never prosecuted for the
confession.

DISAPPOINTMENT. A man applied to Dr.
Jackson, the celebrated chemist, with a box
of specimens. "Can you tell me what this is,
sir?" "Certainly I can sir; that is iron
pyrites." "What sir?" "Iron pyrites! And
what's that?" "That's what it is," said the
chemist, putting a lot on the shovel over
the hot coals where it disappeared. "Dross."
"And what are iron pyrites worth?" "Nothing."
"Nothing! Why, there's a woman in
our town who owns a whole hill of that
—and I've married her!"

A Woman wishing to test her husband's
feelings toward her, had it given out, when
he was coming home from a journey, that
she was dead, to see how he would act. He
took the matter very coolly, whereupon she
appeared to him as the ghost of herself, at
which he seemed not at all dismayed; at
length, disclosing herself to him, he then
appeared alarmed; a person by said, "Why"
sir, you seem more afraid now than before?"
"Ay," replied he, "most men are more afraid
of a living wife than of a dead one."

A Kentucky editor makes the following
statement:—"Our stock of paper has been
fizzled out, or nearly so; our paper maker is
in a state of suspension, or ought to be; the
"small fry" are after a holiday, or will be;
and the editor is tight, or may be before an-
other supply of paper is obtained; hence
we publish a half sheet instead of a whole
one, and exclude therefrom everything ex-
cept necessary news, nonsense, and new ad-
vertisements."

Little Alice found an ingenious way of
getting to bed in a hurry. The crib in which
she slept was so low that by placing one foot
on the inside, and taking hold of the post,
she could easily spring in. "Mamma, do
you know how I get to bed quick?" she
said one evening. "No," was the reply.

"Well," said she, in great glee, "I step
one foot over the crib, then I say 'rats' and
scare myself right in."

A Western paper thus hits off a popular
but disgusting fashion:—"The attention of
the police should be directed to Pant A. Loom.
He's tight on the streets daily—awful tight."

Business Directory.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clear-
field, Pa. May 13, 1863.